THE BYSTANDER
VOL. XLIV.—NO. 577

£2,000

DECEMBER 23, 1914

ASSURANCE

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THE BYSTANDER

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WITH the Christmas Number of *The Graphic* for 1914 there is presented as a supplement a great picture of the European War of 1914. Like all great pictures, it was produced in a moment of inspiration. From the uttermost ends of the earth—from the sun-kissed mountains of India, from ever-faithful Australia and New Zealand, from the fertile prairie-land and snow-clad plains of Canada, from the scorched veldtland of Africa—the sons of the Motherland have come to the maternal arms in this great hour of trial, offering their lives in token of their love. In the history of nations nothing more glorious has ever been witnessed than this Great Sacrifice. It is a theme to inspire the most unimaginative soul; it is a theme that has inspired the finest picture that this war has as yet produced, or is likely to produce. The solemnity of the Empire's Crisis is at one stroke of the artist's brush laid before us.

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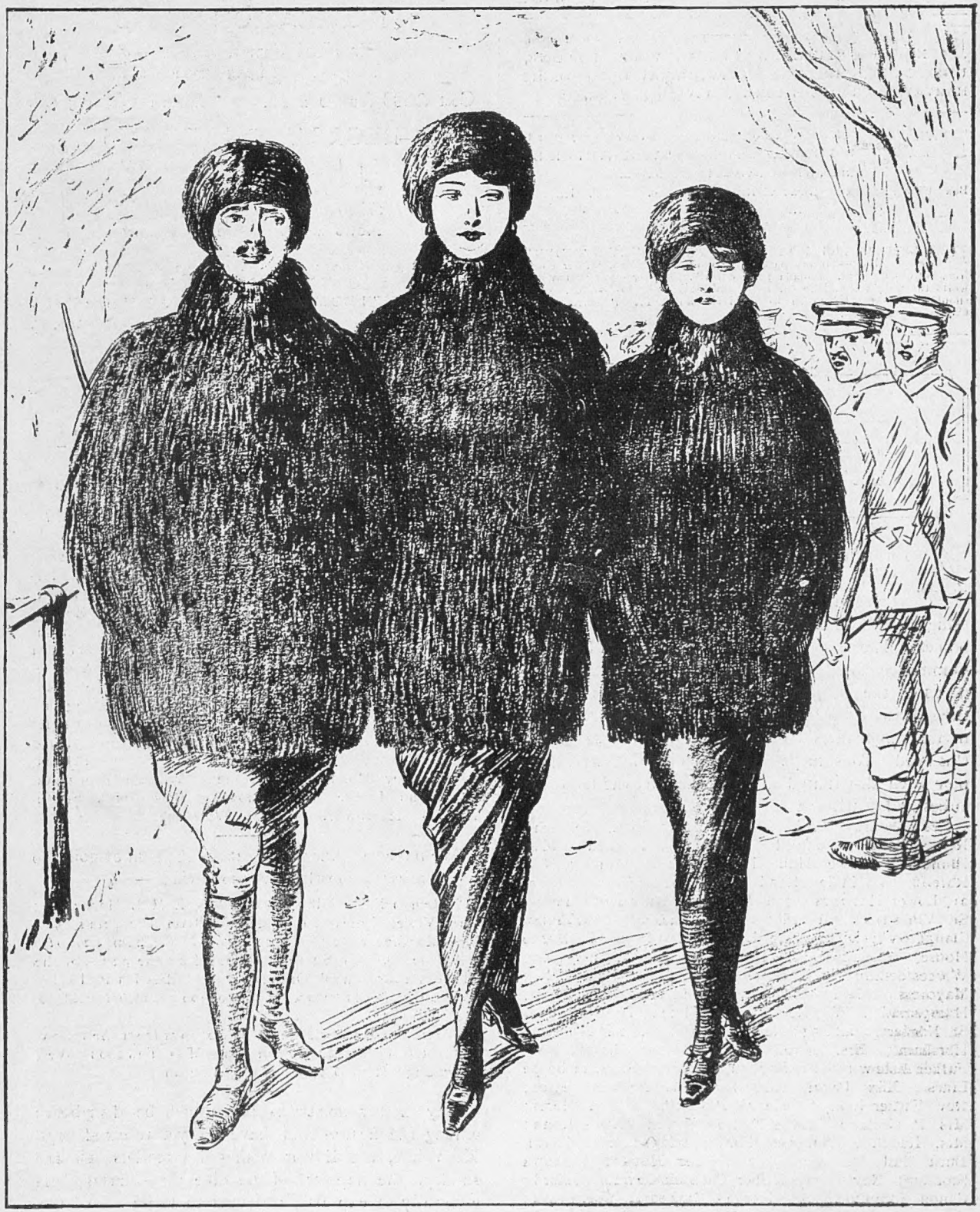
The Bystander, December 23, 1914.—No. 577. Vol. XLIV.

The BYSTANDER



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1,000 LITTLE EXILES GLADDENED BY THE GENEROSITY OF OUR READERS

AS a result of the generosity of BYSTANDER readers, over one thousand toys have been personally distributed among the Belgian refugee children now being looked after in English homes and hostels. We were informed by the Refugees' Committee some weeks ago that one of the chief needs of the Belgian refugees was for toys to keep their little ones from fretting, and as a result, we invited our readers' co-operation with us in satisfying this need. Toys, in parcels of varying numbers, have now been distributed on our behalf by the following ladies and gentlemen:

Mrs. Geoffrey Birkbeck, Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich; Rev. Father Dunford, Boseral, Hoddesdon; Miss Blundell, Crosbie Hall, Blundellsands, Lancs.; Mrs. Ratcliff, 86, Hagley Road, Birmingham; Mrs. Weston, 21, Lower Hastings Road, Leicester; Sisters of Charity, St. Vincent's, Mill Hill; Mrs. Fitzherbert Brockholes, Claughton Hall, Garstang, Lancs.; Mrs. Inglefield, Burke House, Beaconsfield; H. Patten, Esq., Broadway, Worcestershire; Lady Suffolk's Camp, Charlton, Wilts; Mayoress of Hampstead, St. Stephen's Hall, Pond Street, Hampstead, N.W.; Rev. Father Clement Tyke, Prior of St. Norbert, Spalding; Rev. H. Cassidy, The Presbytery, Horsham; Mrs. Lowe, Brooklyn House, Crewe; Rev. Father Askew, 136, Frodingham Road, Crosby, Scunthorpe Lincs; Miss Paget, Shropwycke House, Chichester; Rev. Father Lion, St. Mary's Presbytery, Alton, Herts; Mrs. P. Graham, Bridge House, Gayton, King's Lynn; Mrs. Radcliffe, Burgate, Fordingbridge; Mrs. Salvin, Burn Hall, Durham; Rev. Father Howard, Bishop's Stortford; Rev. Father Lieber, Catholic Church, Sleaford; Canon Sprankling, St. George's Cathedral, Southwark; Canon Freeland, Catholic Presbytery, Bedford; the Lady Trevor, Chirk; Rev. Father Kelly, Dumbarton; Rev. Father Feskins, Catholic Presbytery, Grimsby; Rev. Father Fraser, S.J., Wimbledon; Gainsborough Belgian Refugee Committee, A. Spooner, Esq., Hon. Sec., 12, Silver Street, Gainsborough; Mrs. J. Leeming, The Grange, Chalfont St. Peter's; Rev. Father Krajicek, Milton Park, Co. Durham; Rev. A. Grippaert, Loftus, Yorks; Mrs. Hartford Platt, Manton House Manton Rutlandshire; Miss Scott Murray, Glendoe, Madeira Road, Bournemouth; Mrs. Allpress, 3, First Avenue, Hove, Sussex; F. Riddell, Esq., Berrington House Beal; Rev. Father Standish, O.S.B. The Priory, Workington; Mrs. Taylor, 3, Linnet Lane, Liverpool; Rev. Father Van der Beck, 2, New Street, Colne; The Lord Mayor (sec., Mrs. Currer Briggs), Leeds; R. J. Tallack, 38, Hartley Road, Leytonstone; William Pretyman, Richmond Lodge, Bournemouth; Miss Finch Smith, Edensor, Harrow Road, West Worthing.

We have to acknowledge, at the moment of going to press, subscriptions from the following:—

Rifleman E. J. Collinson, 5*s.*; Mrs. E. M. L. Harper, £1; Miss Violet Jones, 10*s.*; Mrs. William Pretyman, 5*s.*; Mrs. MacCreery, £1; "Joyce," 2*s.* 6*d.*; "Cham," 2*s.* 6*d.*; "Auntie," 5*s.*; G. S., 10*s.*; collected by the pupils of the Flotta Public School, Orkney, £1 5*s.*; Miss Isa F. Taylor, of Orkney, sends proceeds of School Concert held for the fund, £3.

We beg to acknowledge parcels of toys from the following: Miss Caldwell, Kensington; Miss Towgood, West Worthing; Miss Blackwood, Lymington

Any further donations sent in will be distributed among the hostels that have not yet received toys. Meanwhile, the Editor wishes his readers, all and sundry, the happiest of possible Christmases, begs especially to express his thanks to those who have, as shown above, been helpful in making a happy Christmas for those who have no homes of their own in which to enjoy it.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

On the World at War and His Wife at Home

German Initiative

THE German has at least initiative. Nobody can deny that it has been he who has begun nearly everything in this war, including, of course, the war itself. He began the land campaigns on both frontiers: he inflicted the first naval losses, and the first destructions by aircraft. He began the breaches of international law such as bombardments of unfortified places and inflictions of fines, and shootings of non-combatants. Now he has begun the shedding of the first English blood on English soil. He surprised the sleeping islanders, whose thoughts on Wednesday morning last were in far away Serbia, in unpronounceable Poland, and in flood-swept Flanders, by reminding them suddenly that England, too, is at war, and that places and people with English names were liable to share with foreign ones the consequences thereof.

***

At Last!

Hitherto, the photographs of ruins we have published have been of foreign ones. Now, quite as fine specimens of culture come to hand from places in which our own feet have trodden — places of pleasure. Scarborough and Whitby, Yorkshire's prized coast resorts, have suffered: shells have broken the windows of complacent Yorkshiremen at breakfast. The war maps scanned by Londoners in the shop windows have been of England. The war-flags have crossed the channel, with the war thoughts. Scared? Well, of course we are, according to the German papers. Speaking, however, for the millions and millions of Englishmen who were not immediately affected by the shells, we can say that the first sentiment in every heart was one of relief. "At last," we cried, "the German fleet has come out. Now Fisher will be able to 'get at 'em.'"

***

Retribution?

It is interesting to speculate on exactly what motive —if any—there may have been in the bombardment of "Fort" Scarborough and the stronghold of Whitby other than frightfulness. Revenge for the Falkland Isles and Zeebrugge is one that seems to fit in with the state of the German mind at present. We sank four of their cruisers, and blew up their new submarine base. "Very well. We will," said the Great German Naval Staff, "blow up some English churches, hotels, shops and boarding houses." If that is the sort of revenge that satisfies them, so be it. In the long run, we shall be glad they are so easily—if so very spitefully—satisfied. But if they think the bombardment of the East Coast will shorten the duration of the war by one second, they are mistaken. In saying this, I may seem to be repeating a newspaper commonplace, which is an awful thing to feel to be doing. But the newspaper phrase is occasionally true. The fact is, as Germans will soon know, that Britain's powers of endurance are limited only by the ignorance and the incapacity of the provincial masses to grasp, even now, that the War is a personal affair of theirs. They are willing to contribute their share of young men to go to the "front" (which is supposed to be Belgium) or to take their place in the ranks of Kitchener's Army or the Home Defence Territorials on the off chance of some remote danger of invasion at home. But there, so far, their concern has ended.

TURKEY: "What, you Christians! You will not have a truce on Christmas Day, even when I and my German friend propose it from our military base of Palestine?"

[Among the Powers who were favourable to a Christmas Day Armistice was Turkey, who is now using the Holy Land as the base of operations against Egypt]

***

"Get On With It!"

A few German shells at the expense of the man next door, or of the shop round the corner, or the church to which one ought to go on Sunday, makes the smuggest among us sit up and say things. The question is how can England best be protected from further unpleasantness of this kind? In the German hope, the Englishman's answer is "Sign Peace." But the answer as it is actually given is "Get on with the war and carry it to the most final of all possible finishes." Shells at Scarborough are matter out of place. Makers of war who set aside their own pledges and regard quiet inoffensive citizens as the legitimate prey of super-Dreadnoughts are men who ought not to be allowed organic existence. The German becomes an object of scientific zeal, like Cancer, Beri-beri, the Tsetse Fly: he must be got off the earth. How? By slaughter! "Very well, then," says the man whose neighbour's house has been destroyed, "where is my gun, and how do you form fours?" The shells of Scarborough have hit the Englishman in the very place he most needed to be hit—the middle of the mind.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

A Secret Out

Mr. Bonar Law has let part of the cat out of the bag, and we now know that he and Lord Lansdowne did write a pledge of support to the Government on that fateful Sunday before the war. What Mr. Law has not yet told us is the circumstance that led up to that pledge. Was it the spontaneous idea of the Unionist leaders themselves, or was it the result of a very urgent telephonic communication from a Cabinet Minister?

***

Wanted More!

I remember stories of pyjama'd politicians being hauled out of bed at midnight by night-capped innkeepers, and, while they shivered at the 'phone, being told that England was in danger and that, if certain members of the Cabinet did not toe the line, a Coalition would be formed. Was Mr. Law's "scrap of paper" by any chance used as the lever which brought the refractory pacifists into line? You may remember that the Unionist leaders did call at Downing Street during a Cabinet Council. Perhaps Mr. Law, if we are all good, will let us have a second instalment of this very interesting serial in his next speech.

***

The Very Limit

The proposed armistice for Christmas did not come off, even though Turkey was one of the Powers in favour thereof. Naturally!—(joke) . . . But a better and a deeper joke underlies the fact that the proposal that the birthday of the Saviour should be celebrated in peace should come from the Powers who are engaged in converting the Saviour's birthplace into the base of operations for a Mohammedan Holy War. That, told in Gath, may well make the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. So far, we only know that Mount Sinai, whence came (among others) the Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill," is now being mounted with Krupp howitzers, and that Lake Tiberias (Sea of Galilee) is the scene of armoured motor-boat trials.

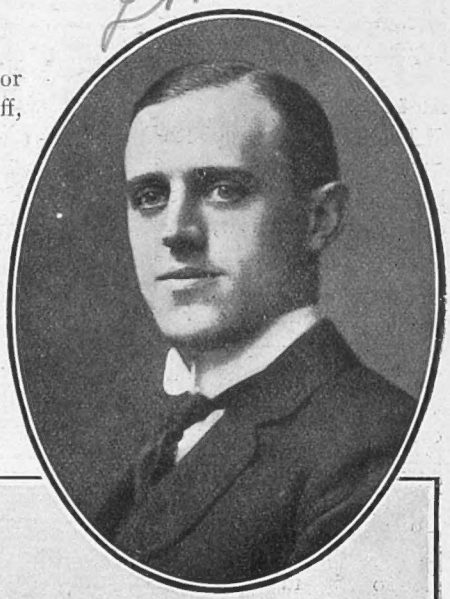
***

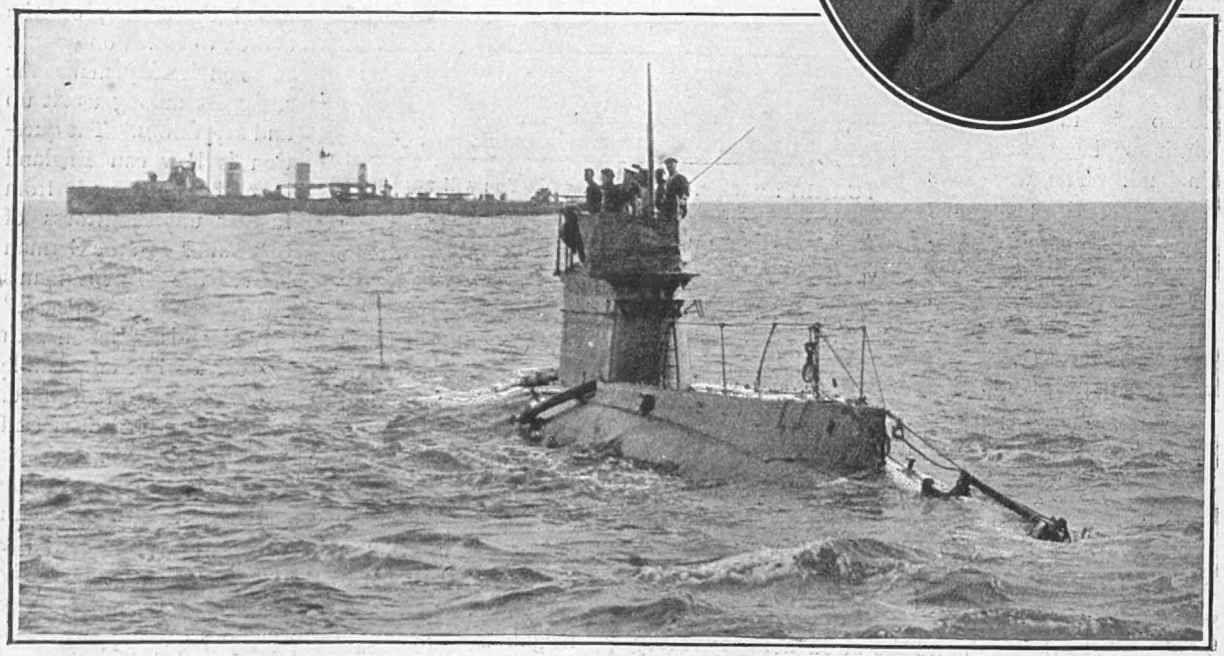
Egypt as Usual

Egypt is—with some humour—advertising itself as having a tourist season as usual. That takes the measure of the Turco-German danger. But it is not the German soldier whose likely absence Egypt rejoices over so much as the German tourist. To be able to winter in Egypt, or the Riviera, if so disposed, free from the possibility of meeting Hans on holiday is a joy not to be foregone. Would that one could be sure of similar immunity in Switzerland!

THE LATE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT

Who by attending the opening of the Turkish Parliament has openly ranged himself on the side of the enemy, and will, therefore, be unlikely ever again to reign in Cairo





THE PLUCKY LITTLE SUBMARINE B 11

Whose daring exploit in running the gauntlet of a minefield in the Dardanelles, torpedoing the Turkish Battleship "Messudiyeh," and getting away again untouched, will rank as one of the most brilliant feats in the history of Naval Warfare. [Inset is a portrait of her "skipper," Lieut.-Commander N. D. Holbrook. (Photo Swaine)]

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

The King's Visit Photographed

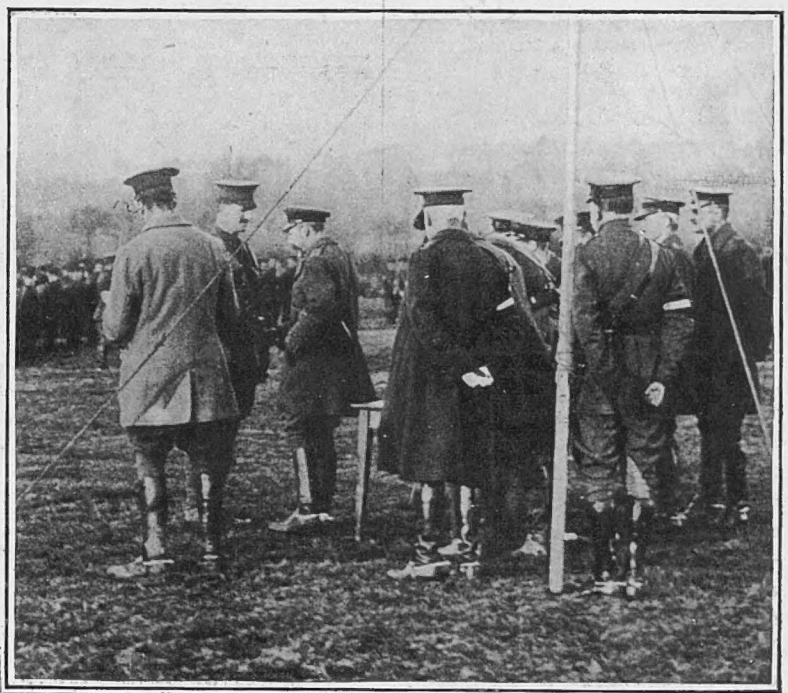
And Switzerland

One or two pathetic appeals, dressed as correspondence, have appeared in the papers lately on the subject of winter sports. Switzerland is perfectly safe and accessible, they say; but not many are likely to test the accuracy of this. There are really very few men to go; and the rest will be having more than enough of winter sports elsewhere. And what would any Swiss season be without Mrs. Asquith and her daughters, and the ubiquitous Master Anthony; without Lord Lytton in his skin-tight costume; or Lord Carbery, who will be flying over something vaster than a ski-jump?

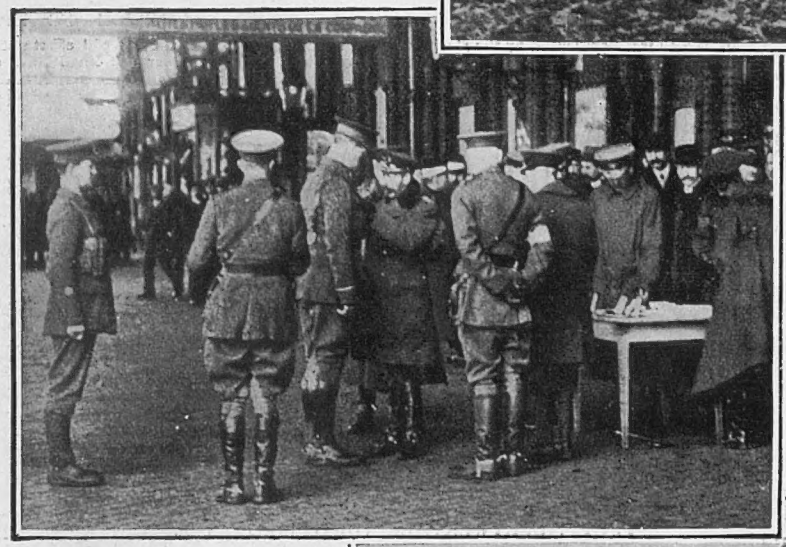
* * *

Hardly Good Enough

The Ski Club of Great Britain, so far as one can gather, will officially regard the season as non-existent. Then there are dozens of Innsbruck devotees who would scorn to go elsewhere. The Hotel Tyrol and Herr Landsee will lose their patronage this year. The fast train from Paris to Switzerland began running last Thursday for the first time since the war began. But who will undertake the bother of getting to Paris, unless he is a journalist or a courier? After all, Switzerland has been doing very well lately, and it is only fair that we should have some of our own folk at home this Christmas. Holmenkollen is no good; there are too many mines between us and Norway.



THE KING DISTRIBUTING HONOURS AMONG HIS TROOPS



THE KING DECORATING A BRITISH OFFICER WITH THE VICTORIA CROSS

* * *

Otherwise Engaged

Missing this year from Switzerland will be its principal British social organisation — the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club. At least I suppose it will be missing, the Public School man being engaged on winter sport of a grimmer kind nearer home.

THE KING PASSING THROUGH THE LINES OF AN INFANTRY REGIMENT

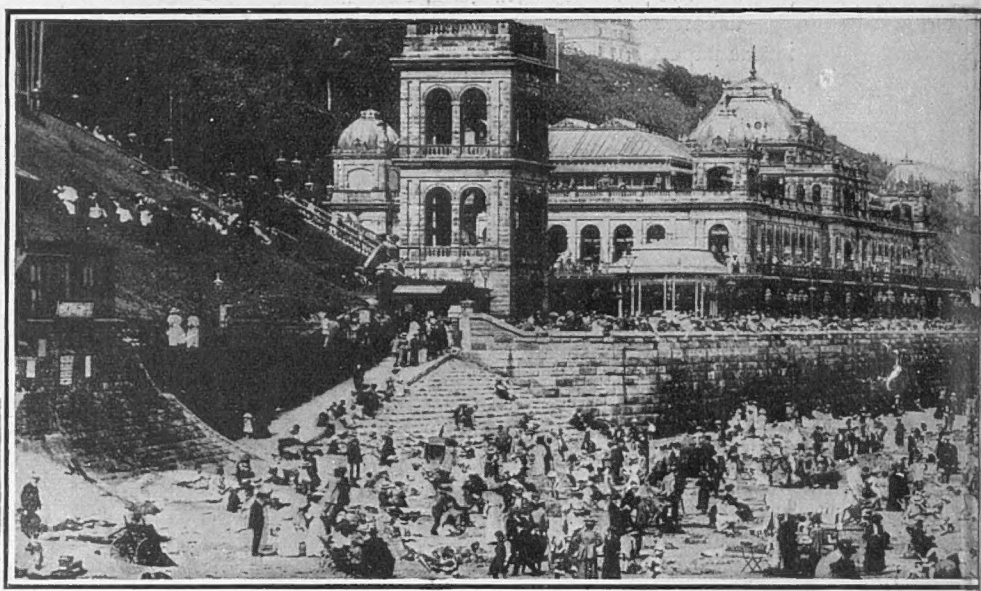
The King's visit to the front lasted for a week, and during that time he saw all his troops (except those actually engaged in the trenches) and made a thorough survey of all their positions, besides personally decorating a number of officers and men who had distinguished themselves

[TITLED IN

The Frightfulness at

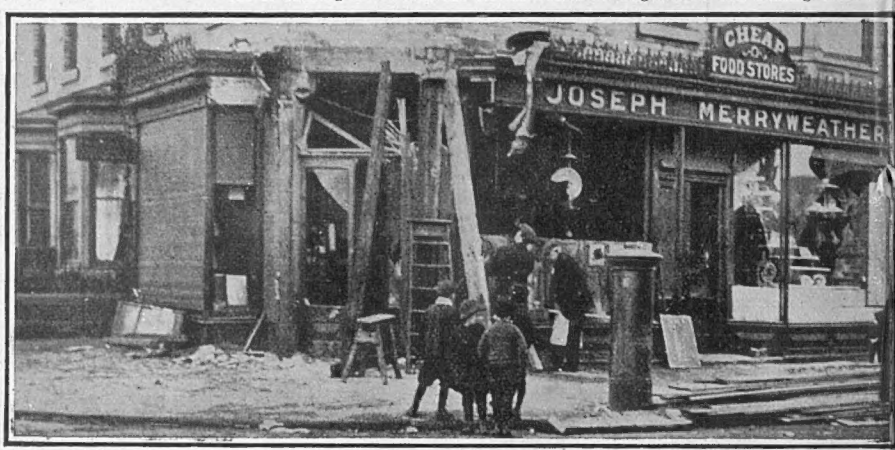
THE HAVOC WROUGHT ON ENGLAND'S

JOHN BULL
As the English papers would have us believe he is

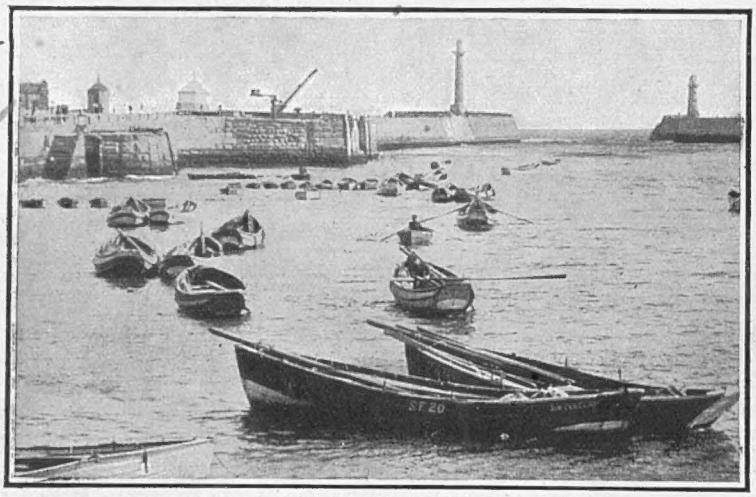


THE ENGLISH FORTIFIED BASE OF
Which was bombarded by the glorious German Battle Fleet, with the frightful effect not only of demolishing but of striking terror into the craven hearts of Englishmen and causing them to

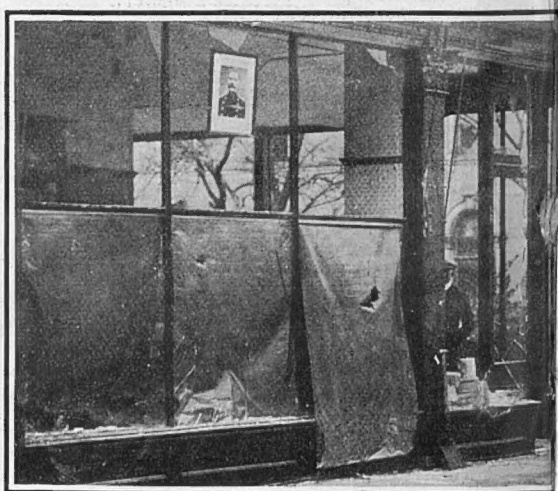
ONE OF THE BATTLEMENTS
Which was destroyed despite the presence of the English Civil Guard



FORT MERRYWEATHER (DISGUISED AS A "CHEAP FOOD STORE")
Silenced by the German 12 inch guns



NAVAL DEFENCES OF WHITBY HARBOUR
Showing flotilla of the S.F. type coast monitors



AWFUL FATE OF A SHOP
Which displayed a photograph of the contemptible General Kitchener, hit by the infallible German naval marksmen

As a frightful, colossal, and scarifying revenge for the sinking of the German Fleet off the Falklands, the destruction of Zeebrugge, and the continued existence of the contemptible British Army that was exterminated months ago before Paris, the Great German Nation has now made an attack on the watering places—that is to say the "fortified naval bases"—of Scarborough and Whitby. The lives of good and brave German soldiers and sailors have been avenged at the expense of English hotel-keepers, shopmen, clerks, artisans, women and children. For the "Scharnhorst," Germany exacted

GERMANY I]

"Fort" Scarborough

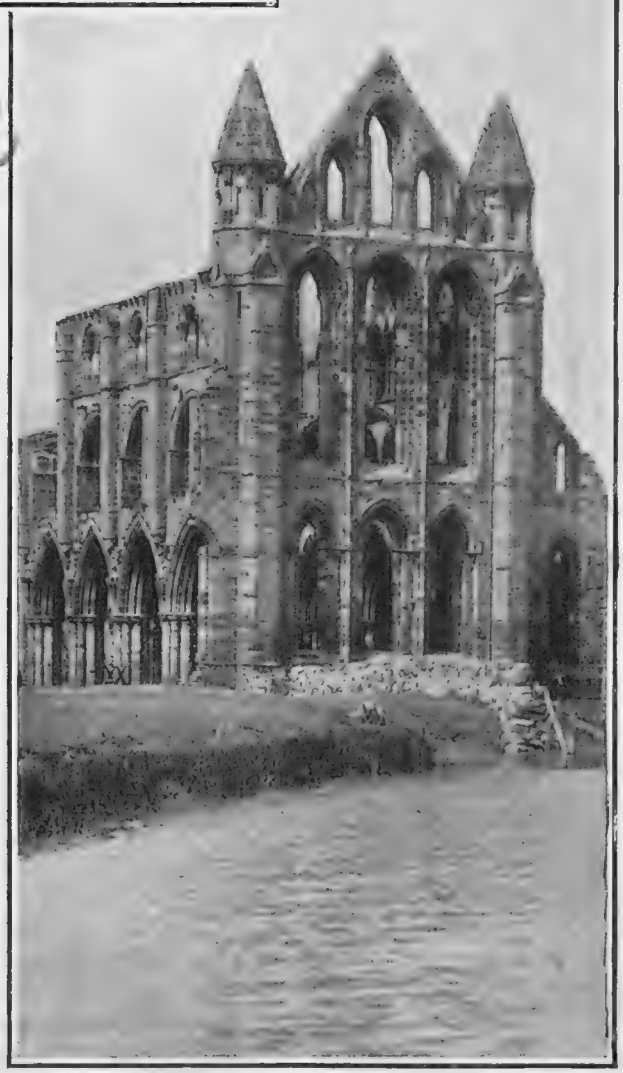
GREAT EAST COAST STRONGHOLD

SCARBOROUGH
hotels, churches, boarding-houses, shops, and other centres of military activity flee panic-stricken to the Welsh and Scottish mountains

JOHN BULL
As he really feels—of course!—about the colossal German attack on his East coast defences

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

AWFUL FATE OF ANOTHER SHOP
That advertised itself as patronised by the treacherous English Royalty



THE RUINS OF WHITBY ABBEY FORT
Commanding the head of a tributary of the perfidious English River Esk

the price of the Scarborough Grand Hotel; for the "Gneisenau," she has the grocer's shop of Mr. Merryweather; for the "Leipsic," the ruins of Whitby Abbey. For the retreat of the German Army from the Yser, Germany has been able to compel the retreat of Whitby citizens from the Esk. By sheer inadvertence, it must be admitted, some shells fell at Hartlepool, which has since been discovered by the Germans to have forts and a dockyard. But these accidental lapses into fair warfare will occur even in the best regulated Navies

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Dancing as Usual

Those whose special business it is to keep up the "Society" fiction are concerning themselves in favour of a revival of entertainment this winter, and I hear of dances being given here and there. I have consistently maintained the belief that nobody is called on to cease doing anything he would ordinarily be doing provided it does not clash with the dictates of patriotic duty, and as there are in and around London tens of thousands of young men in khaki, pining for some sort of amusement in the intervals of forming fours and digging trenches, why on earth dances should not be given galore, by all who have the money and the rooms, I don't know.

***

"Doveton"

The newspapers have almost unanimously rejected the lead given to them in the pleasant task of writing up Vice-Admiral Sir F. C. D. Sturdee, a man who was little known, in spite of his phenomenally successful career. In each of the official *communiqués* issued by the Admiralty he is referred to as Sir Doveton Sturdee, but in every well-earned tribute paid him by the Press he has been spoken of as Sir Frederick. His very intimates would fail to recognise him as such. He has been Doveton to friends and relations ever since he walked the quarter-deck of his own nursery.

***

The War Office Grows Upwards

Housemaids who peep from the top storey windows of the Hotel Metropole, and the inhabitants of flats high up in Whitehall Court, have for a number of weeks past been in possession of a Government secret, namely, that the War Office is being provided with a new top floor. From the street you can see nothing of it, but there it is, surely enough, and nearly finished. It is substantially built of wood, and will provide room for the hundreds of extra clerks brought into this great Department by the stress of the war. They have so far been working in the corridors of the main building behind screens, a draughty and uncomfortable business. It is difficult to realise that during the Boer War the staff was housed in the dreary old building in Pall Mall.

***

Foretelling the War

A certain group of newspapers continues to thrust upon the public, in various ways, the fact that they and they alone "foretold the war." Once again, I repeat: If these papers knew all about it, why did they not warn the public during the month of July instead of devoting the greater part of their space to Ulster? As THE BYSTANDER, which has only a limited foreign news service, was able to warn its readers of the approach of war on July 22, journals commanding unlimited sources of information ought to have been able to do infinitely more.

***

What Was Not Foretold

The fact of the matter is just this—that certain newspapers of the scaremongering, Jingoistic turn of mind found it good business of late years to beat up a war scare against Germany, as previously they had beaten it up against France, Russia, America, the Boers, the Afridis, Tibetans, Matabele and any and everybody else. The war that is now taking place is the last kind of war they ever prepared the British public for. So far, again, from prophesying that Britain would achieve success with Armies on the Continent, these papers were so lacking in faith in their own countrymen that they lost no opportunity in foretelling our failure to protect our own hearths and homes. This being the case, it would be more decent if these false criers of stinking fish held their dismal peace.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS"

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The Volunteers' Own

The Civil Volunteer movement has now its organ in the Press—the *Volunteer Training Corps Gazette*. The journal, which costs one penny, is well printed and of interesting appearance: all it needs, to be assured of success, is to give its readers plenty about their movement and not too much about individual raisers of corps.

***

A Good Name for a Censor

The new Press co-Censor is Sir Thomas Cook. Hitherto we have described censored news as having been "Buckmastered." Now—but no. We won't labour the obvious.

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Overheard in the Ranks on a Wet March

PRIVATE: "Where's that———pontoon section?"
SECTION COMMANDER: "At home, playing bridge."

***

Appropriate Pronunciation

The Polish "o" is pronounced "oo," it seems. Certainly the affix "ow" in a Polish town is, in view of the German system of blackmail, appropriately pronounced "oof," while "Lootz" just about describes Lodz under the German occupation.

Holiness to Order

"In conformity with the Fetwas, I called all Moslems to a Holy War."
—H.M. The Sultan of Turkey

(The "Fetwas" will be seen crouching immediately behind His Majesty)

BY LOUIS BAILLY

Oh, for an Hour of Monte!

Those who usually take their pleasures at Continental centres have now perforce to seek consolation in British resorts

What the Soldier Said

BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

"'You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, Sir,' interposed the Judge."
—PICKWICK PAPERS.

THEY were a sergeant and a private, both out of the same company of an Irish regiment, and they were home wounded from the front. The private's knuckles and fingers were just a jig-saw puzzle, and the sergeant had been stripped from the left flank down by shrapnel. They sat in deep chairs by a red fire while the host (after picking them up at the station where they had missed the last train) gave them whisky and encouraged them to talk to each other.

"Wonder if McLonergan is killed?" said the sergeant.

"He would be now," said the private, "just as soon as he lost my bet. Did ye hear about that? Ye know how he was always in the front at the bay'net charge screaming 'To blazes wid the blighted Protestants!' Well, I made a bet with Corporal Reilly he'd be killed in a week. And he wasn't. To see Reilly stick to him during that week and keep shoving him behind out of danger was funny enough to kill a cat."

"Did ye pay Reilly?"

"Sure I did. And ten hours later he was blown to pieces, money and all."

"About the bayonet charging," the host ventured to interrupt. "Tell me what it's like."

The two men turned their wide grey eyes on him, and looked a little puzzled.

"Once it was in a wood," said the sergeant dreamily. "Ye'd never believe how your trousers and tunic get torn with the branches. I was half in ribbons."

"Yes, yes. But the—er—the actual use of the bayonet—the——?"

"It's the swearing ye notice," said the private. "The language is the sort ye never heard of before. And the noise! We've got a lot of good Catholics in our company, but when they start at the sticking their language is simply filthy. And everybody shouts, Germans and all. Things you never heard before. McLonergan never said the same swear-word twice, did he?"

"Who and what is McLonergan?" the host demanded.

"Ah, sure, he came out of the reserve. He was a stationmaster, they say, somewhere up on a bit of a railway in Scotland. He's a caution, isn't he, sergeant? Ye see, sir, round his neck he's got tied half a dozen bully beef tins. One's got tea in it, another's got biscuits, another's got cheese, another's got cotton and needles—and besides all that he's got his kittle. Ye never saw such a man for tea. We were in steep water one day in a trench near a burning house, and McLonergan rigs up a sort of fishing-rod, puts his kittleful of rain-water on the end of it, and hangs it out over the nearest bit of the fire. The Germans shot at it, but he got his hot water all right. . . . The Germans, sir? Well, they're very nice fellows, sir. Aren't they, sergeant? Very nice fellows. We got hold of one nasty one, though. One of our chaps said to him when we took him prisoner, 'If it wasn't for you and your blooming Kaiser we wouldn't be messing about over here!' The German knocked him down and kicked his head. Ye could hear his skull crack. Dirty, wasn't it?"

"Very! But I wish you'd tell me more about this bayonet-charging."

The men looked uncomfortable.

"Ah," said the sergeant at length, "it's just like the game you used to play at school. Wasn't it 'tig' they called it? Ye just dab at them and get on. Ye don't go back. Ye think of that, but ye don't go, pretty much because ye couldn't. There's men behind ye and there's the officers, and—anyway, what's the use?"

"But you like it," I suggest, "or McLonergan likes it?"

"No, he doesn't. But he likes the swearing. That suits McLonergan. And yet he's really religious, sir. Once we were taking cover by a broken-up house and shells were dropping all over us. The company officer called us all off, but McLonergan wouldn't go. He had his back to a bit of wall, and he said he was safer there. The officer says 'leave him,' but we all liked McLonergan. So I picked up a big mangold-wurzel out of the field we were in, and when the next shell fell I slung the big turnip and caught McLonergan on the back of his head. Down on his knees he went. 'Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us,' he says, 'sinners now,' still keeping on with it, 'and at the hour'—and then he saw me—'Callaghan, ye dhirty cad,' he says, and then another shell dropped—'of our death. Amen!'"

"Tell the gentleman about McLonergan and the post," said the private.

"Ah, that's a poor story," said the sergeant. "You see, McLonergan never had anybody to write to him. When the post came he'd be the first to grab it and go through the letters, making a show that he expected something. But we all knew he was play-acting. There was never a letter for McLonergan, and there never would be. So one day we faked up a letter and stuck an old stamp on it. McLonergan goes to the post as usual, and jerks out the letter. He looked as proud—you can't imagine. Then he starts to push about the trench with his letter, bumping up against our chaps so as they could see he had a letter. Presently he opened it, and when he found there was nothing inside he gave us one look. And then we all felt sorry. I wish we hadn't done it."

"He was full of pluck, though," said the private. "D'ye remember when he wanted to go scouting?"

"I do," said the sergeant. "The officer called for volunteers one night, and McLonergan was the first to jump up. The officer says, 'I don't want no something Christmas tree,' he says. 'We're going scouting, not hawking.' And McLonergan for the first time for over a month took his bully beef tins off his neck and left 'em. No one believed he would have done it. Those tins, and three big rugs he'd pinched off some

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

Germans, went with him everywhere. All our chaps felt upset about McLonergan going out without his tins, but he came back all right, and made his tea in the kittle same as ever."

"How were you wounded?" I asked the private.

"Well, sir, rightly I don't know. I got a sting all down my arm, and I daren't look at it for fear it was bloody. Blood makes me sick. I knew I was hurt because I couldn't hold my rifle. I walks along the trench through the water, and the officer says, 'What the devil's the matter with you?' 'I think I'm hurt,' I says. I was holding my arm out so that I couldn't see it. Then the light of his torch went on the water under my arm, and I saw the blood, and I nearly fell. 'All right,' the officer says, 'get along and come back if it isn't much.' When I left the trench I lost my way, but I found a little caffy and had two cognacs. I kept my arm in my coat so that I shouldn't see the blood. Then I walked on half the night, and found another caffy. I had two more cognacs, and then I had another. But I found the base next morning, and the sergeant was there, and we've been together ever since."

"And when you're well, both of you, are you going back? Do you want to go back?"

Again the puzzled look in the big grey eyes.

"Going back? Want to go back? We've got to go back, haven't we?" B. Macdonald Hastings

Leaving England—New Style

A PRELIMINARY INSPECTION

A MORE THOROUGH DITTO

SAFE CONDUCT TO THE TRAIN

SURVEILLANCE UNTIL IT STARTS

In former days those who could get away to the Continent for a winter holiday were looked upon as lucky by those who could not, but nowadays it seems almost preferable to stay at home

Engaged in "Making Progress"

THE BRITISH GUNNER AT WORK IN ESTABLISHING HIS SUPERIORITY OVER THE ENEMY

One of the most wonderful features of the war is the cleverness displayed by our artillerymen in the placing and handling of their guns. They must be concealed (as shown above) from the enemy's observers; the range must be found; the time-fuse must be adjusted accurately so that the shell may burst at the right moment, and the process of loading and firing must work smoothly and without a hitch. The three in the picture are hard at it, the gunner on the left being engaged in setting the time-fuse

Wisdom As Usual

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM "BYSTANDER" WRITERS DURING THE WAR PERIOD

"FOR, whatever the issue of this war—victory, defeat, or stale-mate—it is going to make a new man of the Englishman. After years of fat prosperity and lazy frivolity, it brings him up against the brute realities. It calls him to a service of his country, which is also the service of himself: to prepare to die that Britain may live."—*August* 12, 1914.

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"To be defeated by Germany is, to any self-respecting people, to be defiled. She is the type of burglar who is not content with taking your goods and chattels: she must also make your burgled home hateful to you for the presence of an immovable stench. She is not a clean criminal."—*August* 26, 1914.

***

"Prussia may yet live to learn that the much-thanked "God" whom she has made in the image of a Death's Head Hussar is a less competent deity than the One in whom the Allies have an equally fervent, if less fulsome, belief."—*September* 2, 1914.

***

"The country will have 'no time' for Decadents, Sexuologists, Futurists, or Perverse Triflers of any kind. She will need amusement—more than ever—but her wits and humorists will be conscious of the realities."—*September* 2, 1914.

***

"You cannot crush an 'ism'—an abstract idea—in Prussia or anywhere else so long as there remains a single brain to give it lodging. The crushing of a military force no more kills 'militarism' than the crushing of a nation kills its patriotism. On the contrary, the 'ism' generally flourishes all the more as a consequence of material defeat."—*September* 23, 1914.

***

"What is going to settle this war is the moral sustaining power of the combatants. Whichever is able to make out the best case in the newspapers of the neutral countries is going to get the verdict. Victory will lie with the Power whose journalists are best up to their job."—*October* 7, 1914.

***

"If the settlement of the peace terms were left to the soldiers and the sailors, to say nothing of the airmen, I'll wager they'd be permanent. Men who have fought will have learned to like—and to fear—each other far too well ever to desire to fight again."—*October* 14, 1914.

***

"You may forgive a man who has shot you in the face, but you'll be shot if you'll forgive a man who once passed a scrap of paper behind your back."—*October* 14, 1914.

***

"To betray, there must first be a trust. There was no trust between Britain and Germany, therefore there can have been no betrayal."—*October* 14, 1914.

***

"We are not in this war to satisfy a criminal lust for blood and loot, but merely to discharge the unpleasant duty of dealing out justice to the people who are. We wear, perhaps, a look of sadness. But what is going to happen will make the prisoner in the dock look a great deal sadder. For it is going to be his funeral."—*October* 21, 1914.

***

"What kind of World-power is it that is won by explosives? What kind of Peace is that which may be forced on the World by the laboratories of Essen?"—*October* 21, 1914.

***

"I am sure that the right motto for all women, whether they knit, sew, bandage, or merely do nothing beautifully should be this: 'Charming as Usual.' Now, less than at any other time, can we afford to see the softer graces of life overwhelmed in an avalanche of hard, brutal, thoroughly practical ugliness."—*October* 28, 1914.

***

"Mars is played out. War is dying because it is impotent to serve its own purposes. It is no more horrible than it was, but it is infinitely more stupid. It is no more deadly, only a thousand times more dreary. Mars no longer prances with flashing sword: he shuffles: he wears spectacles, and is bald. His presence in Europe is not vitalising, but devitalising."—*November* 4, 1914.

***

"'Why should I go while you stay at home?' is a question so insoluble that the youth of the nation desires it to be arbitrated on, and the right person to do that is Lord Kitchener, who has only to say whom he wants and he can *take* him."—*November* 11, 1914.

***

"Germany has a concrete base even for the things that are abstract. Of respect for the sentiments of others, conformity to accepted codes, tolerance for faiths and prejudices, and all such symptoms of what we call *gentlemanliness*, modern Germany has none. Her position in Europe is that of the inhabitant of Eden in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, who, to show his independence, sat in the middle of the floor and spat around him in circles."—*November* 18, 1914.

***

"After this war there is going to be a sentiment on the part of men—and more particularly of women who breed and nurture and love men—which asks the rulers to regard human life, which is of Heaven, as at least as much in need of 'hoarding' as is gold, which is supposed to appertain to the Other Place."—*November* 25, 1914.

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"This war is not going to end British militarism: on the contrary, it is going to be its real beginning."—*December* 2, 1914.

***

"A jack-in-office is a tiresome enough person, in all conscience, but he is preferable to a jackass-out-of-office."—*December* 9, 1914.

Save Us From Our Friends!

PORTER: "Yule log, sir. Seventeen and ninepence to pay"

Christmas Dinner in an

Should the Germans avail themselves of any proposed Christmas Day Armistice to effec
for all con

Englishman's Home, 1914

sudden landing in England, they will find Englishmen merry as usual—but prepared
gencies!

Quaint, Old World Japan!

WHERE VICTORIES IN WAR ARE AN OCCASION OF POPULAR REJOICING

A PROCESSION OF DECORATED TRAM-CARS IN TOKYO BY DAY

THE BYSTANDER has more than once remarked on the absence in England of all outward celebrations of the various victories by land and sea. It is interesting to know that in quaint Japan the people still indulge in the old-world habit of "mafficking." For no less than five days after the fall of Tsingtau the Flowery Land was *en fête*. Each day festive trams decorated with flowers or with figures representing historical scenes, both ancient and modern, paraded the streets. Every evening a lantern procession gladdened the hearts of the beauty-loving Japanese with its mystic radiance. The sight of 50,000 lanterns moving quietly under the trees, and across the bridges, with their lights reflected in the water, was one not to be forgotten. A bystander of another nation could not but feel how real is the tie that unites the Emperor to his people, and how great is the love with which they serve him and their country. Joined to this feeling is now the desire to justify their claim to be regarded as one of the great nations of the earth, and Great Britain's call to them to fulfil their part of the Alliance has undoubtedly been an incentive to prowess. Admirable! But how we envy Japan's jollity.

LANTERN PROCESSION OF MEN AND BOYS BELONGING TO THE VARIOUS GUILDS IN TOKYO BY NIGHT

Reasons Why South Germans

DREAD THE PROSPECT OF THE ADVANCE OF THE ALLIES INTO GERMANY

THE HOSPITAL OF THE HOLY GHOST ON THE PEGNITZ, NUREMBERG

THE NEPTUNE FOUNTAIN IN THE MARKET SQUARE, NUREMBERG

THE HOSPITAL INNER GATE, ROTHENBERG

THE TYPICAL GERMAN "HANS"
Whose attributes are still to be found among the peace and pleasure-loving people of Bavaria

THIRTEENTH-CENTURY GATEWAY-TOWER AT VILLENGEN

Photographs
THE HANGMAN'S BRIDGE, NUREMBERG

Knox
THE MAXIMILIANSTRASSE, LINDAU

"The South Germans," reports "The Times," "already begin to speak about a possible invasion of Germany by the Allied Armies, and to express the fear that one day their beautiful towns may share the fate of so many French and Belgian towns—that the Allies will take a terrible vengeance if they succeed in reaching the Rhine." The above photographs give an idea of the architectural charms of South Germany. But the South Germans need not be afraid. The Allies are NOT Huns

Why Not Censor Christmas?

A SUBJECT WHICH IS CERTAINLY "CALCULATED TO DEPRESS!"

THERE are many people, especially those connected with the Press, to whom the Censorship is very objectionable. Naturally enough, for censorships (except library censorships) are generically unpopular in England. But, speaking entirely for myself, I think the activities of the Censor might with advantage be extended to events and rumours quite unconnected with the war. For instance, why not censor Christmas? It is, primarily, a German institution (hence the superstitions about snow and Santa Claus and Christmas trees, all inseparably connected with the Teutonic observation of the festival from reasons of climate or folk-lore), and as such thoroughly objectionable at the present time. Moreover, it seems to me to come well within Sir Stanley Buckmaster's definition of tending to depress a large number of His Majesty's subjects. How many of us do not view the yearly approach of Father Christmas with a secret misgiving that we try to hide under a mask of excessive joviality?

But if it is impossible—or is it high treason to suggest that to the censorship anything is impossible?—to censor away Christmas altogether, let us, at any rate, have a Christmas thoroughly pruned of everything objectionable or dangerous. Of course, the first thing to go must be the Christmas tree. Not to mention its intensely Teutonic origin (because, as a matter of fact, it has been mentioned already) can you conceive anything more dangerous than such a brilliantly illuminated object at the present time? Think of the combined glare of a hundred thousand simultaneous London Christmas trees! They simply invite the attention of Zeppelins filled with Prussians ready to hurl the most unreasonable gifts at such obvious targets.

Then crackers! Think of the panic that might be produced among the more ignorant section of the population if, let us say, a million of these explosives, each one harmless enough singly, it is true, were by chance to go off simultaneously, with a noise like a 17-inch gun! Think of the moral effect about which the Germans like to talk so much! Mr. Jones, hurriedly putting up the shutters for fear of shrapnel; Mrs. Jones and all the little Joneses scuttling to a cellar hastily provisioned with enough turkey and plum-pudding to stand a week's siege. Consider the inevitable indigestion subsequent to such a manœuvre and then say if we are justified in exposing ourselves to risk of this kind for the sake of a little tinsel, tissue-paper, and gunpowder. For the patriotic there can be but one answer: Crackers must follow Christmas trees and the arc lamps of our half-deserted streets into temporary retirement.

So far as actual danger goes, it seems to me that the keeping of Christmas would be fairly safe, provided these two restrictions were strictly enforced. But there are other, and, if possible, even more weighty considerations of another nature that ought to be taken into account. For instance, it seems obvious that, as it is important that all good citizens should remain as cheerful as possible during such a trying season, the borrowing of money in any shape or form should be made illegal for anybody over sixteen. This term would, of course, in the meaning of the act, be held to include the asking for tips, misnamed Christmas boxes, the expectation of donations, vulgarly known as Christmas presents, and any other form of extortion, blackmail, threat, or damage usually condoned at that particular time of year. Further, there should be a month's moratorium for all bills more than a week old, and, last but not least, it should be a capital offence for uninvited relations to descend upon the house of any one member of the family, for anybody to quote Dickens or to remark that "the weather is not seasonable."

Granted that Christmas were properly censored more or less on the lines suggested, there could, I think, be very little objection to its celebration as usual. And since innumerable Christmasses have in the past managed to reconcile the ecclesiastical proclamation of "peace on earth" with the actual presence of a horrible and cruel war, I presume this incongruity can be got over yet once again. But I should like to do a lot of censoring among the hymns.

F. T.

HOCH! HOCH!

BROWN: "Good gracious, old chap, what on earth has happened?"

JONES (*who stutters*): "Wh-why the w-wife ar-ar-asked me to ge-get a hock-hock-hock of ba-ba-bacon, a-and they to-took me for a b-blooming Ge-german"

Who Calls Him a "Slacker"?

WHEN HIS LIFE IS AS STRENUOUS AS THIS

Christmas Carols Kulturised

While Shepherds watch their Flocks by Night

God bless you Merry Gentlemen.

The Village of Fear

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

IT is a village in France. I may, of course, not mention its name. In July it was a staid and quiet little village, a little country town almost, a North-of-France edition of the little English towns which Mrs. Gaskell has described so well. A friend of mine, an officer-interpreter on active service with the Indian troops, was in this village a few days ago, and this is what he told me of the afternoon he spent there—all alone.

A little town in which you visualise from its appearance the people who have lived there. Three months ago, when you arrived at —— and walked out of the little station down the slope between two rows of smug, respectably-built *bourgeois* houses to the High Street, a glance around would have shown you to a nicety what each inhabitant did for a living, what his tastes were, and whether his politics were pro or anti-Government. The station had its little garden, like all French stations. Monsieur le Chef de Gare wore his white ducks in summer under his blue coat, and his white cap all the year round. He does not do so now because there is no stationmaster.

The station is there and the garden is there, but they are quite empty and quite silent. The doors of the lamp-room and the stationmaster's office stand open. On either side of the little slope which leads down from the station the *bourgeois*-built houses have the tragi-comic look of an indignant old lady whom a passing omnibus has made into a figure of fun. These houses look as though mud and misery had been splashed on them wholesale. They have been struck by the fringe of the storm of shrapnel; their tops have been bitten off, and great pieces have been munched out of the walls where the shells struck.

Down the slope from outraged respectability into the strangest main street imaginable. It is a main street of silence, without the glamour which long years of silence lend to such a street. There is no grass on the pavements, there is no moss between the stones—and there is not a sound. The aftermath of the ghastly storm is just this silence. Some of the shop-fronts have been shaved away by shell and lie in heaps of dust. The wares are in the windows still—where there are windows—they are in the shop-fronts almost always. The house doors are open, nothing lives or stirs, and there is no sound but the click of my heavy boots on the stones. It is a silence which makes one afraid, and the fear comes with the gulp to get rid of that lump in the throat which is caused by an infinite pity.

A little lower down the street the half-wrecked houses look like broken teeth. This part of —— looks like a picture of the oldest inhabitant staring with gaping gums in deathly silence at the aftermath of war. These houses look as though they did not understand it. Their dumb protest is more pitiable than the tears of women. There are strange things here and there. A bedroom with nothing standing erect in it but the gas-pipes, for the walls were blown out like thin paper when the whole place vibrated to the impact of the shot and shell. There is just one fixture in this room—a mantelpiece, and over the mantelpiece on one solitary pillar of partition wall hangs a picture of ex-President Fallières. There is no floor, there are no walls, there is no ceiling. And the fear creeps up one's knees and laps fluttering at one's heart as one stands and watches it.

The church is a handsome ruin even now, but the ruined arches look as though they must totter and tumble if one were to sneeze; the tower has fallen in; the saints are a little heap of powder. The shrine at the east end is there, and the great marble reredos intact, and on the ruin of His House the Holy Figure smiles. His wondrous smile of gentle understanding for the warring atoms who have done this thing. The little shops are frontless in the close round the church, but they have suffered little harm inside. The watchmaker was evidently looking at a photograph of his daughter and her children when the first shells came. It lies unspotted and untouched by anything but dust, just as he left it. There are even the hands of a clock, on which he was working, unbroken, and one watch hangs from a nail still waiting to be repaired. A little heap of broken glass and tangled springs on the floor below the case shows what became of the others, and the case itself is a frame only. In the smithy there is a horse-shoe clipped in pincers on the anvil still, and in the little passage leading to the open door a coat is lying on the floor, which its owner knocked off the peg as he hurried out.

All of a sudden the silence is broken by the boom of a big gun and the shrieking crash of a shell. It is time to be off. And out in the street, as I hurry away from this little town of fear and freshly outraged silence, the one inhabitant left in —— comes towards me, cowers, turns to run, thinks better of it, and remains. It is a small black kitten. It knew I was its only chance of life, and the knowledge prevailed over its fear. It shrank into a little ball of pulsing fur, but let me lift it up, and when I put it on my shoulder snuggled to my cheek. There was something wet there; the poor little mite had not escaped the shrapnel altogether. Another boom; another crash.

Just beyond the station my car is waiting with its Pathan driver.

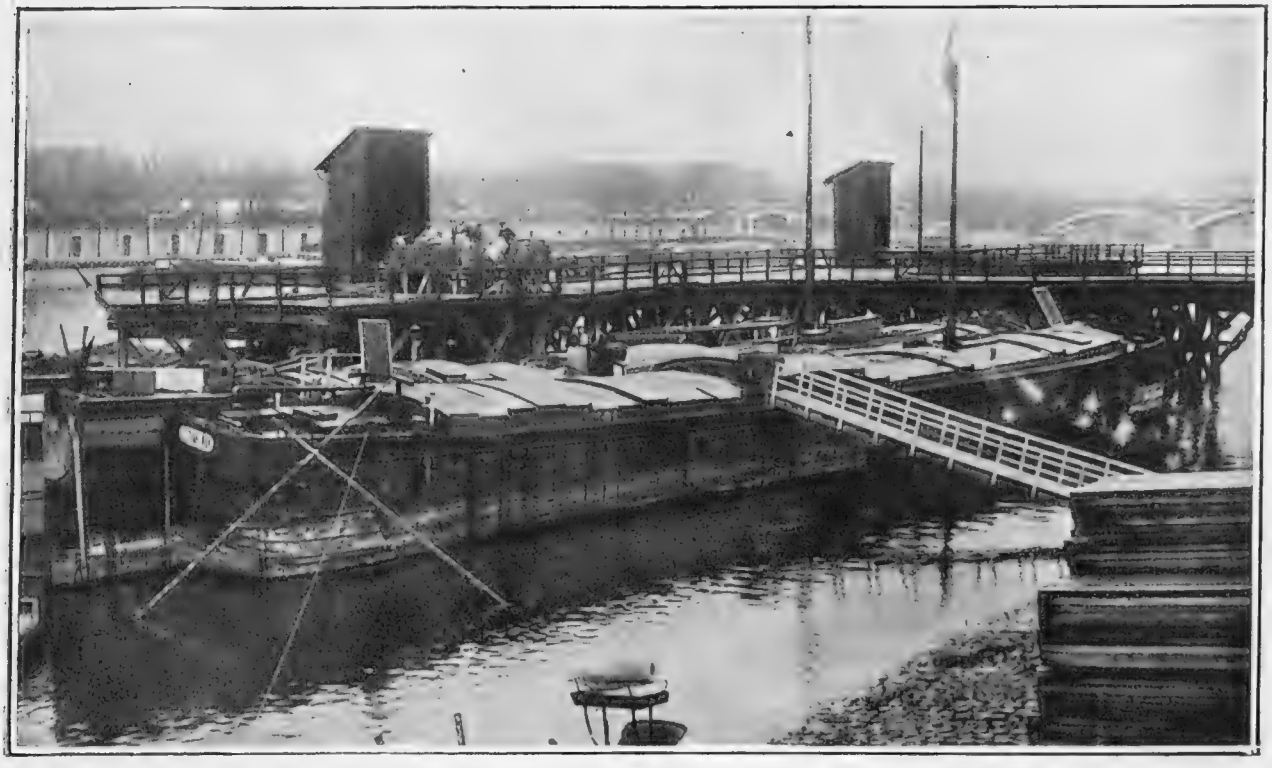
JOHN N. RAPHAEL

House-Barges for Homeless Refugees

A FLOATING VILLAGE ON THE SEINE

INMATES OF A BARGE STANDING AT THE DOORS OF THEIR CUBICLES

THE WATER SUPPLY IS QUITE GOOD AND THERE IS NO RISK OF BURST PIPES



ONE OF THE HOUSE-BARGES ON THE SEINE IN PARIS

The houseboat on the Thames is a luxury of peace-time; on the Seine and the other rivers of France it has become a necessity of war-time, and quite a number of barges which would otherwise be lying idle, have been converted into temporary homes for houseless refugees

PEACE AND GOODWILL (OFFICIAL)

PANTOMIME IN WAR-TIME

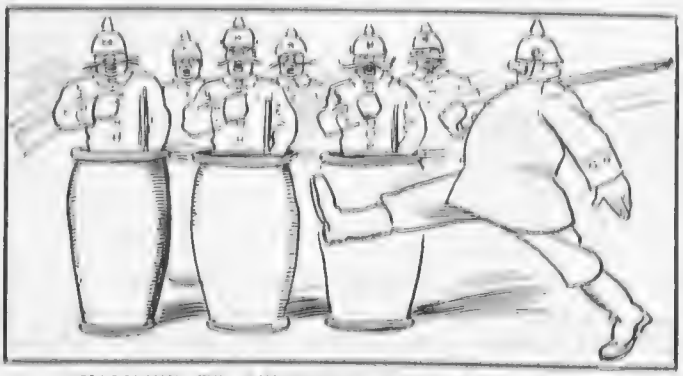
BY "JINGLE."
ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

OFFICIALLY, this is the season of Peace and Goodwill—but we are not bragging about it just now. It is a distressing fact that discussions on Peace usually end in trouble of a most acute kind. The world was jogging along pretty comfortably until it occurred to some busybodies to start a Peace Conference at the Hague. No sooner had the beatified Conference started than America was at war with Spain, China was at war with Japan, Japan was at war with Russia, and we were at war with the Boers. These touching little evidences of the poor chances of peace on earth were followed by Italy's little outbreak in Tripoli, and what, for want of a better term, may be called the Balkan "bust." And on the top of the trouble comes the Armageddon of our nightmares. I am not at all surprised to learn that recently a party of innocent "waits" in an obscure doorway, singing fervently of perfect Peace, almost succeeded in arousing the homicidal instincts of an entire street.

The problem of the Christmas pantomime, to judge by the list of announcements to date, appears to have been satisfactorily solved. It is agreed that the pantomime is, after all, the children's entertainment; and we owe it to our Empire to keep the rising generation merry and bright. Besides, the children have already paid their awful tribute to Mars, even though they may not in every case be aware of the devastating extent to which that tribute has been exacted. One or two prospective pantomime merchants have actually had letters from the front expressing the pious hope that "the kiddies" will not have to forego their annual treat in this very trying year of grace; and as one who appreciates the merit of a really pushful advertisement, I readily applaud this novel form of enterprise. After all, a laughing child is a healthy child, and to judge by the present outlook the future citizen of the world will want all the health he can get. Therefore, the children should be allowed to support the pantomime season. I notice, by the way, that one of the pantomimes announced is *The Forty Thieves*. There seems, however, to be no chance that peace will be concluded in time to allow representatives of our friend the enemy (under the most distinguished leadership) to fill parts in this pantomime for which their experience seems to have fitted them so marvellously well.

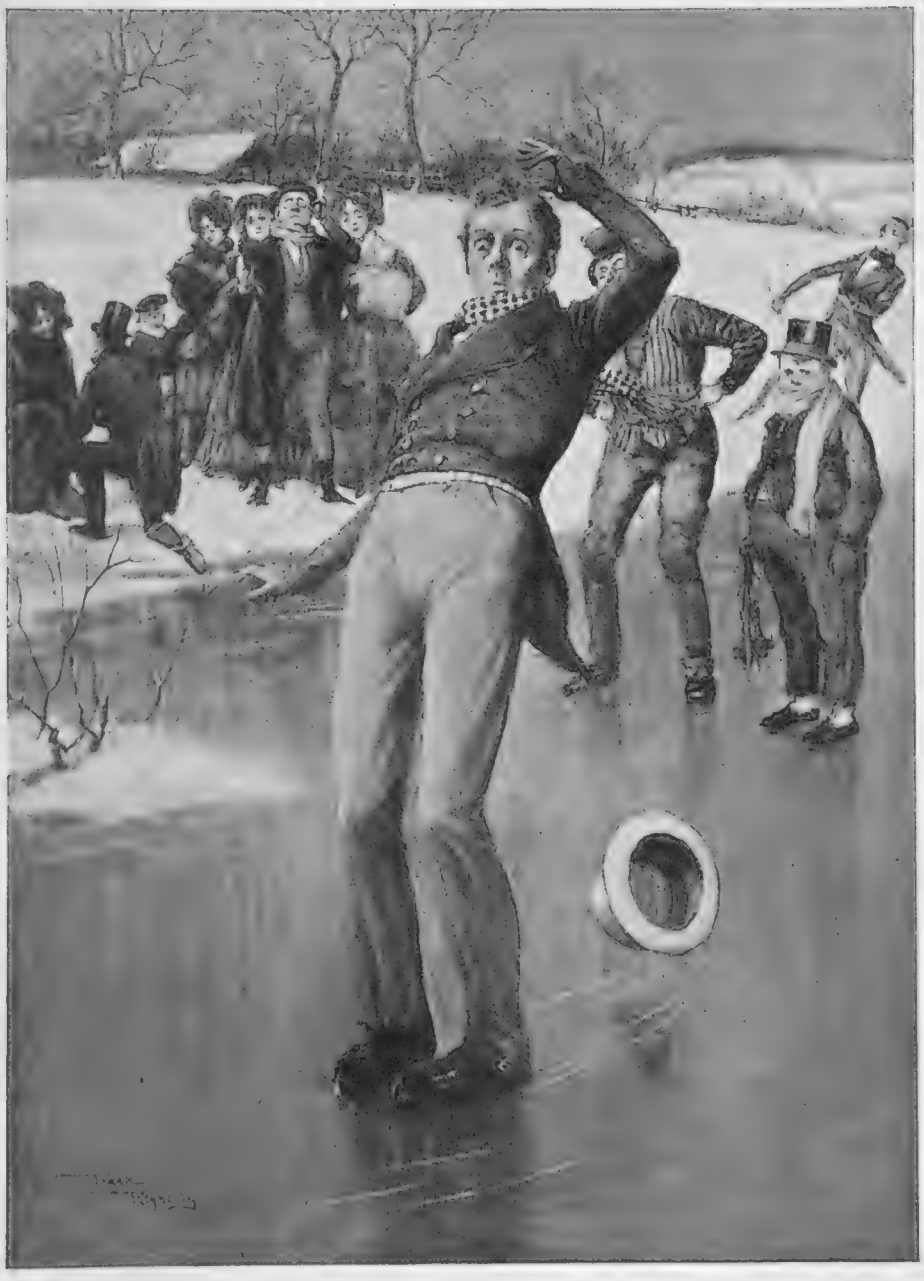
"DISCUSSIONS ON PEACE USUALLY END IN TROUBLE"

If the pantomimes do not receive the support to which they are surely entitled it will probably be because paterfamilias has got to cut down his expenses somehow. When, out of an already grievously attenuated income, you are expected to supply an entire regiment with socks and cigarettes, and to keep the valiant Belgian nation in bread and cheese besides, you may have some justification for regarding a visit to a pantomime as merely criminal extravagance. Still, we have all got to do our bit, and it is better to be hit in the pocket than in the neck. As far as I am able to form an opinion, I think the prospects of a successful pantomime season are fairly bright. After all, a pantomime is the sort of entertainment that can be made topical from day to day, an advantage that is not enjoyed by the severely correct drama or comedy. If in the middle of a performance of *Jack the Giant Killer*, for instance, the management should desire to introduce "Tipperary" as a cornet solo, the incongruity would pass unchallenged; while the same interpolation in the middle, say, of *Romeo and Juliet* would, I feel sure, appear to many people a little extravagant.



QUALIFIED TO REPRESENT THE FORTY THIEVES

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKIES



No. 5: Second Dickens Series. MR. WINKLE ON THE ICE. *—"Pickwick Papers."*

A Seasonable Christmas Gift!

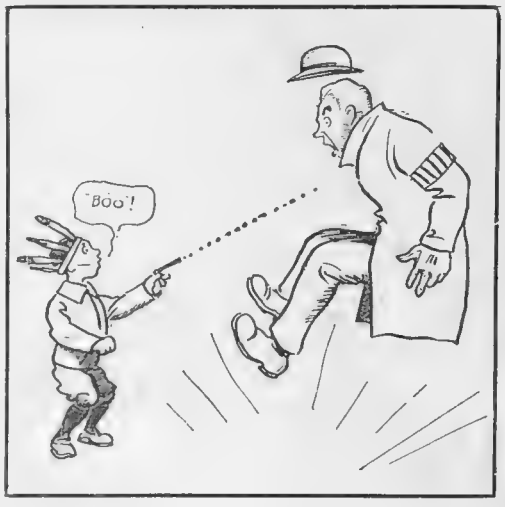
James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., beg to draw attention to the undermentioned high-class Whiskies, which they are now packing in neat and attractive cases, specially suitable for Christmas Presents. These cases are obtainable in the ordinary way through Wine and Spirit Merchants.

	3-bottle c/s.	6-bottle c/s.	12-bottle c/s.
"RED SEAL"	12s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	48s. 0d.
"BLACK & WHITE"	13s. 6d.	27s. 0d.	54s. 0d.
"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"	15s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	60s. 0d.

As most of us are aware, revivals are the order of the day in the entertainments of the season. Drury Lane pantomime is itself a revival of the successes of former years; and I notice that at another theatre a revival of *Charley's Aunt* is announced. It would be a pity to leave us without the usual revival of *Charley's Aunt*, especially at this season of the year, when anything in the shape of a symbolical reminder of eternity is naturally most appropriate. The one new play that seems to have scored an immediate success is *The Man Who Stayed at Home*, at the Royalty Theatre. This play is not only a very topical exposition of the spy danger, but it also humours the man who should be engaged elsewhere by showing that even those who stay at home may sometimes be as useful to their country as the heroes in our trenches. I shall try to console myself with this welcome comfort when, as the last stroke of midnight ushers in Christmas morning, I am prowling about the dark, damp shadows of a rural railway bridge looking for German spies who have probably got more sense than to be out of doors on such a night as that promises to be.

The Christmas pantomimes will be really deserving institutions this year, because they will provide at least casual employment for a large number of actors and actresses. The charming young lady who (as cruelly asserted by her hateful enemies) cannot act for nuts, can often appear in pantomime without making this alleged defect unnecessarily obtrusive, especially if Nature has been generous to her in respect of physical charm, and she is not too squeamish in the matter of sharing her luck with her audiences. And although a walking-on part in a pantomime is not the ideal of our budding Juliets, it is admittedly better than being "out of a shop" altogether. This is not a prosperous time for *the* profession, but it may be a patriotic consolation to them to know that the best job many of the leading actors in Berlin can find just now is that of selling newspapers in the streets. Christmas for the London performer will not be all honey this year, but for the Berliner it is to be feared that *Weihnachten* will be written *Wehnachten* (mild puns are always charitably forgiven at pantomime time!). The season of Peace and Goodwill in 1914 is a little out of joint, but we may at least raise our glasses to our friends and leave the cheering words of the grand old toast for a more fitting time.

JINGLE



LOOKING FOR GERMAN SPIES

Photographs *Bassano*

TO PLAY IN "DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Mr. Basil Gill and Miss Jessie Winter who will appear respectively as James Steerforth and Little Em'ly in Mr. L. N. Parker's adaptation of "David Copperfield", to be produced by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre on Christmas Eve

Noble Red Cross Workers

AMONG THE NOBILITY OF THREE NATIONS

(1)

(3)

1.—VISCOUNTESS HOWICK

Wife of Viscount Howick, the only son of Earl Grey, who, at his seat, Howick Hall, Northumberland, has established a hospital for the wounded. In conjunction with Lady Sybil Grey (matron), Viscountess Howick has been doing splendid work at the head of the nursing staff of the hospital, which has been filled almost to overflowing

2.—MADAME MAZZUCHI

Wife of the Italian Consul at Rheims. After an arduous time spent in nursing the wounded (including 700 Germans) in hospital in the cellars of the firm of Mumm and Co. (of champagne fame), of which her husband is a member, she has recently been enjoying a well-earned rest as the guest of Earl and Countess Grey at Howick Hall

Photographs 1 and 2, Lallie Charles; 3, Newsp. Illustrations

3.—COUNTESS LONYAY

Daughter of the late King of the Belgians, and formerly the widow of the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. She is the head of the Austrian Red Cross

TESTIMONY FROM OVER SEAS

All these are portraits of children fed on the "Allenburys" Foods.

Gratifying evidence as to their value is constantly coming to hand from all parts of the world. Such testimony is received, not only from parents, but also from an ever increasing number of members of the Medical and Nursing Professions.

MILK FOOD No. 1
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3
From 6 months.

Pamphlet, "Infant Feeding and Management," sent free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
LOMBARD STREET,
LONDON.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

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All these are portraits of children fed on the "Allenburys" Foods.

The remarks appearing underneath each picture are extracts taken from the letters received with the photographs. The "Allenburys" Foods provide a complete and progressive dietary—they develop firm flesh and strong bone—and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

Milk Food No. 1
From birth to 3 months.

Milk Food No. 2
From 3 to 6 months.

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From 6 months.

Pamphlet, "Infant Feeding & Management," sent free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
Lombard Street, London.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

(Copyright)

Christmas Gift Books

WHAT TO GET AND WHERE TO GET IT

AS was only to be expected, there is a big falling off in the number of the more sumptuous gift-books this season as compared with previous years. Several famous houses, however, have kept up their reputation for really artistic volumes of gift-books.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton

As in the fat years so in this lean one this firm has retained its reputation for being to the fore in the matter of presentation books of the more elaborate type. *An Artist in Spain*, written and beautifully illustrated in colour by A. C. Michael, is certainly one of their best examples, and is published at 20*s.* net, with a *de luxe* edition at £2 2*s.* *East of the Sun, West of the Moon*, is a charming volume of old tales from the north with colour illustrations by Kay Nielsen, (15*s.* net). *The Heroines of George Meredith*, also published at 15*s.* net, strikes a pleasant note in a novel way, being illustrated with miniatures by Herbert Bedford. Their list includes a volume of stories from the *Arabian Nights*, the colour illustrations being the work of the famous Dulac, and *Princess Mary's Gift Book*, published at 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Messrs. A. and C. Black

In spite of the war and the limitations which it has imposed on travel, Messrs. Black have added to their list of famous travel books. *Southern India*, painted by Lady Lawley and described by Mrs. F. E. Penny, and *Argentina Past and Present*, by W. H. Koebel, with illustrations by E. W. Christmas, R.B.A., being notable examples of their 20*s.* editions, each of which contains beautiful colour work.

Camera Portrait *Hoppé*

ADRIAN ROSS

The famous librettist of countless musical comedies, who has favoured the public with a historical novel of the weird and mysterious order, entitled "The Hole of the Pit," and published by Edward Arnold

Messrs. Heinemann

Among the many excellent examples of beautifully illustrated presentation books which these well-known publishers have produced this season *The Garden of Kama* (15*s.* net) will attract a good deal of attention. It is a sumptuously printed volume of love lyrics from India arranged in verse by Laurence Hope and richly illustrated in colour by Byam Shaw. *A Sentimental Garden* (6*s.* net), by Agnes and Egerton Castle, illustrated by Chas. Robinson, and *Memories* (5*s.* net), by John Galsworthy, with illustrations in colour by Maud Earl, are two other beautiful productions.

Other volumes which must not be forgotten when making out one's list of gift-books are *Cupid and Psyche*, illustrated in colour by Dorothy Mullock (Chatto and Windus: 5*s.* net); *The Tale of Old Japan*, by Alfred Noyes, illustrated in colour by Kate Riches and translated by Joan Ewen (Blackwood and Sons: 2*s.* net).

Children's Books and Annuals

Of the annuals one may notice the following as likely to appeal to our youngsters of varying ages. Messrs. Ward, Lock's picture annual, *The Wonder Book*, with illustrations in colour and black and white, edited by Harry Golding (3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*). *The Children's Corner Rhymes*, by R. H. Elkin, and illustrated in colour by H. Wellebeck Le Mair, is published by Messrs. Augener, Ltd., at 3*s.* 6*d.* net. *Father Tuck's Annual*, always a favourite with the younger kiddies, is well up to its usual standard, and is published by Raphael Tuck and Co. at 3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* The same firm's list includes *Grimm's Fairy Tales* and *Golden Locks and Pretty Frocks*, and a charming little gift-book by Walter Emanuel, *The Dog Who Wasn't What He Thought He Was*, illustrated by Cecil Aldin, each of these being published in 3*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.* editions. Messrs. Partridge's *Champion Annual* (5*s.*) and *Sunshine Annual* (1*s.*) must not be overlooked in this class of presentation books. Two good volumes suitable for schoolboys are *The Dreadnoughts of the Air*, by P. F. Westerman, and *The Last of His Line*, by Gunby Hadath, both illustrated in colour, published at 6*s.* by Messrs. Partridge and Co.

Animal Books

Illustrated books on animals always appeal to the younger generation, and of these we have many to select from. *The Boy's Book of Pets*, by W. Percival Westell, a well-illustrated volume published by Grant Richards at 6*s.* *Concerning Animals and Other Matters*, by E. H. Aitken ("Eha"), and illustrated by J. A. Shepherd, is obtainable from Messrs. J. Murray, who publish it at 6*s.* net. Messrs. Chas. H. Kelly have produced some excellent 3*s.* 6*d.* volumes on animals, two good examples of which are *Shaggy the Great* and *Nipping Bear*, both by H. L'Estrange Malone and illustrated by Gordon Robinson.

Dean's Rag and Picture Books

No Christmas season passes without a run of these famous "never wear out" rag books for the very youngest of the youngsters. The books are all printed in fast colours and washable. The picture books of the "Diploma" and other series are attractive and useful little volumes for the kiddies over baby age.

Letts's Diaries

Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., are the sole publishers of the famous "Original Letts's Diaries," and have produced an excellent assortment this year. Their claim to produce every type of diary aiming to satisfy every man's taste or desire, seems to be well founded.

Christmas Cards

Messrs. Raphael Tuck's Christmas cards and calendars are this year again well up to the firm's first-class standard. Messrs. Hills and Co. and Messrs. A. M. Davis and Co. are also well in the running for high-class greeting cards, each firm striking many novel notes in design and ideas.

MATCHES HAVE STOOD THE TEST

of time, and are always simple, safe and reliable.

They do not spoil the Cigar, Cigarette or Tobacco. **OUR SAILORS AND SOLDIERS** are urgent in their requests for matches to be included in their Christmas and New Year parcels.

BRYANT & MAY, Ltd., have produced an excellent

"SERVICE" MATCH BOX COVER

which protects box, matches and striking surface from damp and rough usage. Specially designed to take the boxes supplied to the Expeditionary Force. Obtainable everywhere in various metals.

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"RED" SERVICE MATCH TIN

containing one dozen boxes of their Special Safety Matches as sent by their Majesties The King and Queen to the Expeditionary Force, also one "Service" Match Box Cover, **is specially packed** in accordance with the Post Office regulations **for sending by Parcel Post** to the Expeditionary Force. Obtainable everywhere.

THE £1:1:0 GIFT CASE of BRYANT & MAY'S Special Safety Matches containing 1,008 boxes, *i.e.*, one box for every man in a Battalion—is packed and tin lined in accordance with the requirements of the War Office. Sent carriage free to the Expeditionary Force, and with the name of sender enclosed, for One Guinea.

May be ordered through all Stores, Grocers and Tobacconists, or direct from the Makers,

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By Appointment *to H.M. The Queen.*

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Announce a SPECIAL SALE
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Children's Clothing

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Write for "**The Bargain Book**" sent Free.

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"THE GOLDSMITHS"
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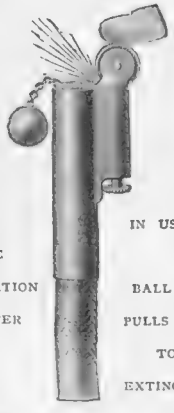
A SHARP TURN OF THE MILLED WHEEL AS SHOWN IN SMALL ILLUSTR TION IGNITES THE TINDER.

FULL SIZE ILLUSTRATION OF LIGHTER CLOSED

WILSON & GILL'S
"ACTIVE SERVICE"
TINDER LIGHTER



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NO SPIRIT OR PETROL REQUIRED.

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National Relief Fund.

TREASURER:
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

THE PRINCE TO THE PEOPLE:—

"At such a moment we all stand by one another, and it is to the heart of the British people that I confidently make this appeal."—EDWARD P.

Already the response to His Royal Highness's Appeal has been magnificent, but an even greater sum of money is needed than that which has been collected, because, in the Prince's own words, "there will be considerable distress among the people of this country least able to bear it." Every reader of "The Bystander" is asked to subscribe AT ONCE.

Letters need not be stamped, and all subscriptions—great or small, etc.—should be addressed to H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.

The Passing Show in Motordom

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

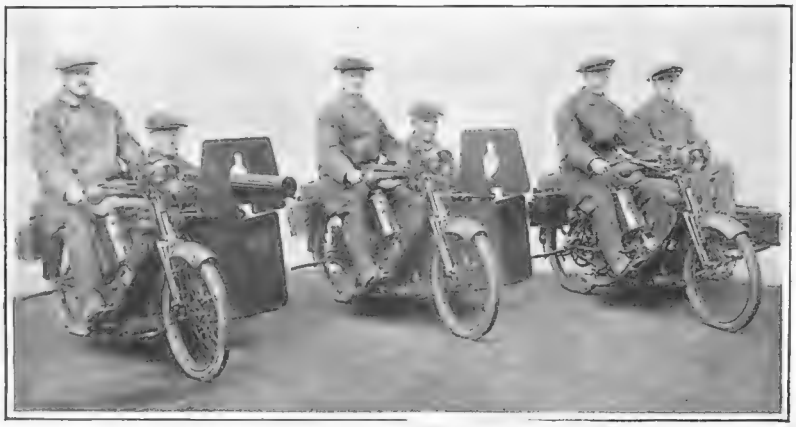
A Christmas Greeting

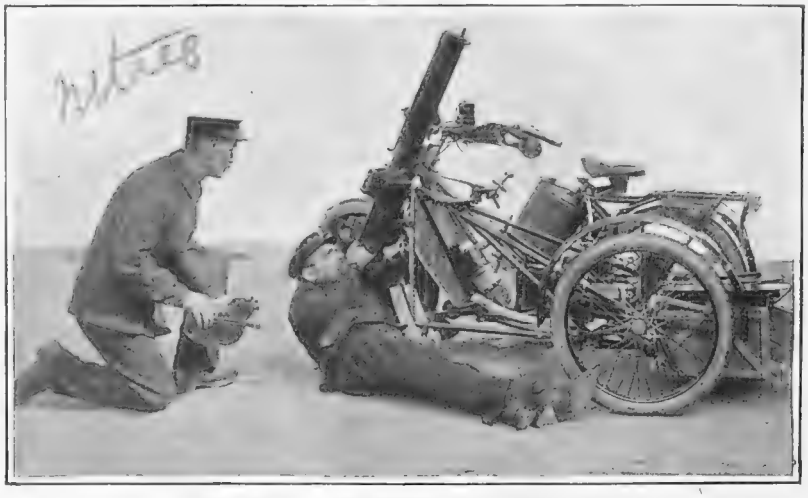
WITHOUT, children not yet of military age, are singing of peace and goodwill with all the invincible optimism (and vigorous indifference for the harmonies) of childhood. They remind me, first, that it is folly to reward those whose visits are in the nature of a visitation, because, under the spur of very little financial encouragement, they will come again and persist in ill-doing or worse singing, working it out like the gamblers all children, by nature, are, that the odds are quite as favourable on more backsheesh as on the dog being let loose. They remind me, secondly, that this will appear (E.V., and other things being equal) on the eve of Christmas or thereabouts, in time, I hope, to give you the road-man's wish for a long life and a fair journey wherever you are and by whatever grim ways you come to peace and the freedom of the road again.

* * *

The Good of War

The war has done one good thing besides making a purge for the blight of Potsdamnation. It has given a fillip to the commercial car equal to many years of normal development. The recessional of the industrial horse was a comparatively slow march, not because the "friend of man" (who shares the name with the dog in all the story books) was not an out-dated and expensive means of haulage by contrast with the motor vehicle properly selected, but because, firstly, the selecting process was not at all easy to those who had no knowledge and no advice other than the recommendation of an agent interested in one, probably unsatisfactory, make; secondly, because the horse was in possession, and to scrap him and substitute a motor vehicle would have meant an appreciable capital outlay which might not have earned profits by the next day of dividends, beyond which so many business concerns refuse to look in any comprehensive way, justifying themselves, I suppose, by reference to the Biblical injunction to take no thought for to-morrow; and, thirdly, because the horse is an institution, and we are constitutionally inclined to cling to institutions even when outworn, just as we hesitate with the pruning knife before an outworn belief. In this, perhaps, we are not notably exceptional among the nations.





THE SCOTT ARMOURED MOTOR-CYCLE

One example of the possibilities of the motor-cycle for military purposes. The gun and gunner are carried on an armoured side-car. The gun swivels on its mounting and can be used at any angle. These machines, equipped by Vickers, are being largely ordered by the War Office. A unit of three machines, as shown in the upper illustration, comprising gun-carrier, auxiliary gun-carrier and ammunition-carrier, was recently inspected by the King at Buckingham Palace. The lower illustration shows the gun "angled" for shooting at aircraft

Cutting Out an Institution

The war, however, has played fast and loose with many institutions, and the horse being, unfortunately for the horse, of considerable military value, it has been consumed at an enormous rate, notwithstanding that its enemy, the motor vehicle, has come to its rescue, and, by providing a more efficient means of transport, eased horse consumption on the lines of communication. The result leaves a considerable section of the business population without an effective choice other than the automobile; for which cause the commercial car is booming most gratefully from the manufacturers' point of view.

* * *

The Booming Car of Commerce

The rift in this cheerful and lutesome state of things is in the lively possibility of a heavy and expensive-to-run vehicle being palmed off upon the firm's ignorance in lieu of the light and inexpensive van which would fill the bill of that particular firm most excellently; and, on the other hand, of the light van being recommended to those whose average load is in excess of the power capacity of the vehicle. In either case the purchaser may have serious cause to deplore the passing of the "ole hoss," not because the vehicle he wants is not available, but because he doesn't know it. There is also the danger that urgent demand and easy sales may tempt the manufacturer to turn out shoddy goods; and in that case the manufacturer is presently going to raise a loud outcry against foreign competitors who have better gauged the market and scientifically set to work to supply it. However, the outstanding fact is that the horse will never survive the war except in attenuated numbers, just because it cannot produce a sound commercial reason why it should survive.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 577.—Vol. XLIV. Wednesday, December 23, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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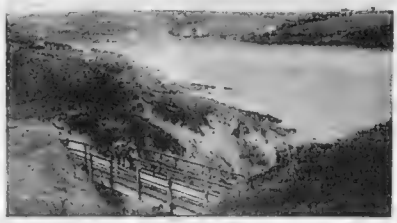

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THE GANESH EASTERN OIL will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and is nearer to the natural oil of the skin than any preparation ever invented. From **5/6**

All Preparations and Treatments reduced 10 per cent. *until January 1st.*

Christmas Shopping Notes

BY
MRS. JACK MAY

Suitable Styles in Serge

WHEN this issue appears school holidays will bulk large on the horizon, and in many quarters the effect is already being appreciably felt, notably in clothing centres such as Rowe and Co., 106, New Bond Street. Here the buzz of business is as enlivening as it is satisfactory to the firm. As Admiralty tailors, Rowe have naturally exceptional opportunities for buying large stocks of Government serges. The output they control is, as a matter of fact, enormous, and there is, consequently, no likelihood of there being any shortage of the fabric, so far as this house is concerned.

This season they are making a great feature of Government serge coats and skirts for girls, arranged in a variety of neat suitable styles. In Rowe's experienced opinion, the feeling for economy that obtains deserves every consideration, and has been largely the incentive for this extra large supply of navy suits. No matter the age, size, or colouring of a girl, there is no more becoming nor satisfactory garb than a really well-turned-out navy coat and skirt. No amount of cheap plagiarism can dim the attraction of such a coat and skirt, and it is certainly to be found superlatively expressed at Rowe's, where the adjoined sketch of one of the models was recently commandeered. The skirt is arranged with a box pleat in front and inverted pleat at the back, while the coat is one of the always becoming semi-fitting styles, the front buttoning visibly at a rather long sweeping line, and the back ornamented with a deep belt placed low down. No praise is too high for the finish accorded the whole creation, upon which so much of the success rests, the crowning triumph being one of Rowe's sweet little black velvet hats trimmed with a smart *cocarde* of corded ribbon.

GIRL'S COAT AND SKIRT

In navy serge, with black velvet hat, specially sketched for "The Bystander" at Messrs. Rowe and Co.'s, 106, New Bond Street, by Dorothy Millar

"En Suite"

Other equally attractive suits are built of tweed and covert coating, a further speciality of the firm being the details they supply *en suite*. Thus a tweed coat and skirt can be matched with stockings, jersey, tammy, gloves, etc., attire that is found extremely happy in many instances, more particularly, perhaps, for country wear. There is no doubt at all that the authorities here have struck out on some most congenial lines, and are carrying their conceptions through with marked skill and ability. Rowe and Co., whose home depôt is Gosport, unquestionably stand in the very front rank of children's *couturiers*, and their Christmas display of appropriate attire should be seen and studied at the very earliest opportunity.

The Cavendish Radium Hair Restorer

It is now some time since this amazing restorer was brought under my notice. From the very first it interested me profoundly, the Radium Water, which is the chief active power, having already proved its worth in the rejuvenating of the complexion. In connection with the skin, it was wonderful enough, but it almost attains the magical when applied to the hair.

This Radium Hair Restorer has also sufficiently proved its efficacy, the most critical and cavilling spirits being completely silenced by results. Men and women alike have no longer any need to fear that tell-tale sign of advancing years, grey hair, for the Cavendish Radium Restorer never fails to recover the natural shade, be it blonde or black, autumn, or that curious, but frequently becoming, ash shade. For the application goes to the very root of the matter by supplying the roots of the hair with their original colour fluid, which years and general nerve strain have served to weaken. So, seeing how thoroughly scientific the treatment is, perhaps the use of the word magical is scarcely happy. But of a fact one is urged to extravagant phrase, beholding such transformations as this preparation works.

Not a Dye

And supposing hair is not grey, but has merely lost the brightness and vitality of youth, then the restorer is equally successful. Throughout it supplies what was originally Nature's handiwork, and which time and wear and tear have depleted. Once more, let the fact be thoroughly assimilated, that this is emphatically not a dye. Nothing in connection with it bears the remotest relation to any colouring matter. Nor is the process a lengthy one, a few days only sufficing to reveal a difference in the colour or quality as the

ENTER FOR
Beauty & Health

Mme. ELVIRA'S SALONS,
4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.

If you are a sufferer from Obesity, having a double chin, large waist, large abdomen, large bust, flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age, write or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when Madame Elvira will tell you how to remedy these unsightly blemishes.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR A DOUBLE CHIN.

Madame Elvira guarantees to take away a double chin and that ugly droop at the corner of the mouth, and to restore the contour of face and figure, without drugs, exercising, or dieting.

TO LOOK YOUNG IS TO FEEL YOUNG.

It is especially necessary to attend to one's personal appearance during this time of anxiety and worry. Madame Elvira has therefore—during the next three months—reduced her fees considerably, so that those desiring to avail themselves of her treatment may be able to do so. Madame Elvira's treatment is medically approved, and many of her clients testify to the benefit their health has derived from her method.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. *Tel.: 6017 Victoria.*

The Perfect Bag for Knitting, Books, Little Parcels, etc.

THE "CADOGAN" BAG.

Very strongly made of Polished Leather, lined with Watered Silk. Four colours, Green, Blue, Purple and Black. Prices from **10/6.**
List on application.

BEST 188, Sloane Street, S.W.
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Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa

saves ½ your cocoa because it is double strength

Ask your Grocer for sample, or send for same direct to—
BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, 31, Eastcheap, LONDON, E.C.

Mayzone de Luxe.

AN improved form of "Mayzone," the famous hair tonic. An ultra-refined preparation based on the original world-renowned recipe.

The efficacy of "Mayzone" as a hair restorer and tonic has been endorsed in testimonials received from all parts of the world. "Mayzone de Luxe"—as an *improved* preparation of "Mayzone"—is assured of even a still warmer welcome.

Every reader of "The Bystander" who has not yet tried "Mayzone" will have—in "Mayzone de Luxe"—the opportunity of testing its wonderful hair restoring and tonic properties in their latest and most delightful form.

Price 7/6 per large bottle.

Obtainable from all good chemists and stores or direct from the proprietors post free.

MAYZONE CO., ROCK FERRY.

London Depôt:
48, Brook Street, W.

case may be, while a fortnight is given as the approximate period for effecting complete restoration.

As a preparation, too, it is particularly delightful to use, being clean and cool, and free from any greasy matter, and by keeping the scalp in a healthy condition is the finest preventative possible of dandruff. There is just one point, however, which Mrs. Cavendish, the proprietor, is anxious should be made quite clear. It is that the restorer is not destined for white hair, and for this very simple reason. In white hair there is no colour pigment to restore, since the glands, originally operating towards that end, have become atrophied. In conclusion, the one and only place where the Cavendish Radium Hair Restorer can be procured is from Mrs. Helen Cavendish, 120, New Bond Street.

Wedding

The marriage of Captain H. F. St. G. Caulfield, of the Canadian contingent, son of Mr. F. St. G. Caulfield, I.S.O. (late D.P.W.F.M.S.) and Mrs. Caulfield, of Old Lodge, Cookham, Berks, to Miss Geraldine Marguerite Boyd, daughter of the late Colonel C. P. Boyd and Mrs. Boyd, of Crofton House, Titchfield, Hants, took place on the 7th inst. at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. Leigh, Vicar of Crofton, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Bates. The bride wore a bridal gown of white *charmeuse* and chiffon, trimmed with very handsome Venetian lace. The bridal gown and entire *trousseau* were made by Madame Barri, 72, Baker St., W.

Comfort and Durability

All field service orders executed by Messrs. Harry Hall, the military and mufti tailors, of 207, Oxford Street, W., and 149, Cheapside, E.C., are specially tailored to withstand the hard wear and tear of campaigning. A special feature of theirs is the British warm coat, which allows ample arm and leg freedom, and, being camel fleece lined and waterproofed, affords perfect protection from cold and rain ; it costs only 63*s*. The firm also specialises in regulation great coats, which are made from waterproofed khaki friezes, and are half-lined with camel fleece, for only 84*s*. These two coats form an indispensable part of the campaigner's outfit. Messrs. Harry Hall also make suits and overcoats in great variety from 63*s*., dress suits from 84*s*., and double-breasted motor or travelling ulsters from 84*s*.

A TIN OF CAFÉ AU LAIT

The merits of which are described on this page

"Café Au Lait" as in Paris

As fine in flavour as the beverage served in the best Parisian restaurants, and in a form which minimises trouble in preparation and saves all risk of failure, the delightful fragrance and aroma of Milkmaid Brand "Café au Lait" place it far above the ordinary coffee familiar to the British breakfast table. For a delicious cup of this exquisite beverage it is only necessary to mix a little Milkmaid Brand with hot water in a breakfast cup and fill up with boiling water ; the twin coffee-pots with separate cooking of the milk and coffee are done away with, and in their place you have the two ingredients with sugar added accurately mixed and ready. This coffee is sold by most grocers and stores in 5½*d*. and 10*d*. tins. A large free sample can be obtained by all readers of THE BYSTANDER by forwarding name and address of grocer and 2*d*. in stamps for postage to "Milkmaid Brand" Depôt, 6-8, Eastcheap, London.

"Sessel" Pearls

It is claimed by the purveyors of these pearls, whose London establishment is at No. 14, New Bond Street, that their pearls possess the identical weight, tone, lustre, and durability of the natural pearl, the only difference being that one is the product of the laboratory and the other Nature's product. Their greatest and most important virtue is, however, their cost, which is far below those of others exhibited in Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix, Paris, and for which very high prices are asked. These stones can be obtained at one-fiftieth part of the cost of Nature's gems, and a visit to the company's showrooms will convince the most sceptical of the genuineness of their claims.

The Menu: Four Methods of Cooking a Turkey

Roast Turkey and Chestnut Stuffing
Boiled Turkey with Oyster Stuffing
A Braised Turkey
A Boned Turkey

Roast Turkey and Chestnut Stuffing

Roast and peel about three dozen chestnuts, and then boil them in some good veal gravy or white stock for about half an hour. Drain, and when they are quite cold mince them finely, and mix with them the following ingredients : One tablespoonful of grated ham, two teaspoonfuls of white pepper, a little grated lemon-peel, a pinch of cayenne, and four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Mix all together, and moisten the whole with 2 oz. of butter and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Place this stuffing in the turkey, cover the breast with a piece of buttered paper and if the turkey weighs about 12 lb. cook it for two and a half hours. If roasted in front of the fire it will take a little longer. Serve with good gravy and bread sauce.

Boiled Turkey with Oyster Stuffing

Take a medium-sized turkey and stuff it with the following ingredients : Chop 4 oz. of suet very finely, mix it with 6 oz. of breadcrumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, and a little grated nutmeg. Take the beards off two dozen oysters, add them and their liquor strained, and, lastly, two eggs. Truss the bird and tie it in a cloth. Place it breast downwards in boiling water, and when it has come again to the boil, skim well and simmer gently for an hour and a half, or longer, according to size. Serve with a thick white sauce poured over, and garnish with fried sausages. A boiled tongue is an excellent accompaniment to this dish.

A Braised Turkey

An old turkey that would not be fit for roasting answers well for braising. Put into a large stewpan ¼ lb. of butter and 1 lb. of lean bacon, cut into small pieces. Let them cook for a few minutes, then lay in the bird, placing it breast downwards. Cook it slowly over a moderate fire until it is a nice colour. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir well till the gravy thickens, then add two quarts of stock, and, when on the point of boiling, a carrot, a turnip cut in slices, a few button onions, some parsley, thyme, and a glass of wine. Stew very gently for four hours or longer, according to the size of the turkey. Remove the bird and keep it hot. Put vegetables and sauce into a small saucepan. Simmer them for a few minutes, skimming off the fat as it rises. Dish up the turkey, arrange the vegetables round it, with alternate heaps of cooked chestnuts, and pour the sauce over.

A Boned Turkey

Bone a turkey and lay it with the inside uppermost, cut the meat from the thick parts, and distribute it equally all over the inside, season with salt and pepper. Make some forcemeat with veal, ham, and truffles, put a layer of this over the meat of the bird, then a layer of sliced tongue, then another layer of turkey, then forcemeat, then tongue and truffles. Roll it up, and tie it with tape, and put it in a well-buttered cloth into a stewpan, with two carrots, two onions, a stick of celery, some parsley and peppercorns, and sufficient white stock to cover it. Let it simmer gently for three hours, strain, and let it get cold ; remove the cloth, and glaze it all over ; if any glaze is left, cut it into various strips and lozenge shapes and garnish the dish with it. This dish is excellent for a ball supper.

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OR MONEY BUY.

35/-

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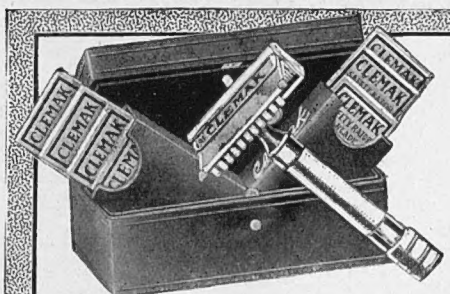

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Silver-plated Clemak Razor with Stropping handle and seven blades. In neat box (as illustrated above).

Combination Outfit, containing Stropping Machine, Velvet Hide Strop, with Clemak and Twelve Blades 10/6

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The Perfume of Ceylon

A breath of the spice-laden breezes of its native land, perfumed with the scent of many flowers, "Wana-Ranee" is unique in its beauty and distinctiveness To obtain the highest luxury in sweet scents try "Wana-Ranee" perfume with its various toilet accessories. Each of these is made of the purest ingredients and is perfect in its own sphere. All of them have the same delicious fragrance as the original scent. A bottle of Wana-Ranee perfume with a selection of its toilet articles makes an ideal Xmas present.

Send for the Trial Outfit

of perfume, soap, face cream, and face powder with a copy of the new toilet guide, post free for 6d., address Dept. W11, Messrs. J. Grossmith & Son, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

All Chemists and Perfumers

sell the standard sizes of Wana-Ranee and its accessories. Perfume, **2/6**, **4/6**, and **8/6**. Hair Lotion, **3/3**. Toilet Water, **3/-**. Brilliantine, **1/-** and **1/9**. Dental Cream, **1/-** per tube. Face Powder, **1/-**. Toilet Cream, **1/-**. Soap, **6d.** and **1/-** per tablet. Bath Crystals, **2/6** and **4/6**. Sachet, **6d.** Cachous, **3d.** per box.

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Printed for the Proprietors, Messrs. H. R. Baines & Company, Ltd., by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 55, Fetter Lane, London E.C., and published weekly by Messrs. H. R. Baines & Company, Ltd., at Tallis House, Whitefriars, in the City of London,—December 23, 1914. Entered as second-class mail matter. at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.